

Even stranger by Liya249

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Summary: El is number 11, there's a number 8 but what about the other numbers and what powers do they have? This story follows my idea of number 9 and what her powers would be.

1. A Child

I really shouldn't be writing another fic while I have two writing in progresses, but I can't help myself. Okay so basically I had this idea where there are more children like El, I mean she is Eleven where are One to Ten (Excluding Eight) and seeing as Eight is older than her the lower numbers might be older. Anyway the scientists at Hawking's lab can't all be heartless, so what if one helped sneak out a child and gave it to a family that was desperate for it.

No one pov

Lights flickering and machines wiring drove the man along, he panted in exhaustion but knew he couldn't stop, he had to save her, he couldn't let them do what they did to 008 carry on. He was risking everything for this, but he was selling his morality helping these outlandish experiments proceed, he knew he couldn't do much but he could save this girl - this poor, innocent child, barely even few months old, she had received her number only yesterday, 009, the skin circling it red and angry looking.

He just had to get out of the facility alive, then he could meet up with the couple he arranged to care for the child - they were in their thirties and unable to conceive, they were desperate enough to not ask questions - only receive a child and care for it unconditionally. Sliding open a heavy metal door he slipped through, tucking the bundle that encased the child closer he stumbled toward his car - they would check the boot and look into the car but he had to do this, slipping the child, who was miraculously still asleep, into the crevice under the passenger seat, he hoped she wouldn't make a noise.

Wiping the nervous sweat that accumulated at his brow he started the car and waited - silence. She was still asleep. Driving calmly towards the gate he nodded at the security guards, and as usual they popped the trunk to see if anything was amiss, they then shone their torches into the car, the man held his breath, praying that the child remains unseen. After a tense minute the guards nod at him and open the gate.

Driving slowly and not daring to look back the man stops at least two miles away from the facility, where he stashed some things for the child, a seat, blankets and a toy. Hurriedly placing the child in the seat and strapping it in the backseat, he quickly starts the car again and makes his way to the town of Hawkins.

It's risky, having the child live there but what better place to hide something than under a persons nose. After he delivers that child he plans to drive through two different states, incase they discover that he smuggled the child out, to leave them clueless as to where the child is.

Approaching the town he makes his way towards the slightly nicer part of town, where the wealthier families reside, the child will never want for anything, she'll be provided for and have a decent life. Slowing to a stop infront of a two storey, cream coloured house on Maple street he exits the car, lifting up the carseat and the childs newfound belongings he makes his way up the steps.

Knocking quietly on the door he waits, not a minute later the door opens to reveal Mr Griffin, the man who will be the childs father, he ushers the nervous scientist inside, quickly shutting the door after him.

Inside the living room sits Mrs Griffin. Mrs Griffin has dark hair and brown eyes where her husband has blonde hair and green eyes, they have the perfect colouring to claim the child as theirs - her dark hair and bright green eyes will raise no question as to who her parents are.

"Is that our daughter?" she asks tentatively, the scientist nods still unable to speak due to his nerves, clearing his thoat he speaks "Yes, your saving her life taking her in, she was being trafficked" he spouts his rehearsed excuse then adds "She has a number mark on her arm, it wont be able to be removed until she older". Absently nodding Mr Griffin steps forward and holds his daughter "My daughter" he breathes "She's beautiful, perfect, our little girl" clearly overjoyed and overwhelmed to have a child.

Both Griffins fawn over the child as the scientist silently takes his leave, relieved that the child is safe.

Emmeline Griffin was devastated when she discovered that she was unable to have children, her husband William was equally devastated yet so supportive of his wife, this child was their miracle, and to have survived such a horrid start to her life, she was a fighter, a fighter who needs then just as much as they need her "I have a name" Emma offered, looking to her husband hopefully, he nods and replies "Whatever you decide is fine", "Lenna, it means brave one" she states, he nods and says to the child "Our Lenna".

2. Growing up

This chapter is going to skip ahead in time, just flashes of what happens as Lenna grows up.

No one pov

Lenna was a small child, she always has been, even the day she was brought to her parents she was small - barely a few months old in the February of 1968. So when Lenna started to play with the Wheeler's daughter and the Byers' son her parents were cautious, she was fragile and their only child. The other children, even though they were the same age were bigger and stronger.

While playing with other children, they noticed that Lenna had a preference to keep her distance, she was content with playing alone, even when little Nancy Wheeler would try to include her.

Time skip - 1970 - Christmas

At three years old Lenna was not as small or fragile as they once deemed her to be, in fact she was so independent that she demanded to do things herself, whether it be cutting her food or tidying away her things. So it wasn't a surprise that she demanded to place the star on top of the Christmas tree, she sat upon her fathers shoulders and stretched to reach the tree, triumphantly placing the star down, it was crooked but perfect in Lenna's eyes.

Lenna's independence came with a growth to like both the Wheeler's daughter and the Byers' son, she even played with them, yet she still preferred her own company sometimes.

While the other children played indoors, Lenna like to venture outside, she loved picking wildflowers, even though they were sometimes weeds mixed within the bunch of brightly coloured flowers.

Time skip - 1971 - September

The starting of preschool brought forth a whole new slew of

problems, the children at school thought of Lenna as odd because she didn't like toys, she came home crying that day. The Griffin's tried to cheer her up, doing anything they could to stop their little girls pain - eventually a camping trip in the back yard was what made Lenna so excited that she forgot her day at school - their child was unique and different but they wouldn't have her any other way.

Time skip - 1972

Giggles followed the two girls as they chased each other through the sparse woods behind the Griffin's house, Nancy had become a close friend of Lenna's, both girls had become friends with Barbara Holland, a ginger haired girl that loves reading.

Nancy stumbled tripping over some tarp, she gasped in pain as Lenna helped her up and looked at what she had tripped over, there stuck within the plastic was a small kitten, a unmoving kitten, "I think it's dead" whispered Nancy, reaching for the kitten Lenna said "We'll bring it to my mom, maybe it's alive". The kitten was cold and didn't make a sound, however when Lenna picked it up it started whimpering, it was alive, not thinking on it both girls raced back to the Griffin house.

Stumbling through the doorway Lenna called out "MOM", Mrs Griffin - hearing her daughter shout raced down the stairs to find Nancy with scrapes on her knees and her daughter bleeding while holding a small furry thing, "Are you okay?" she asked in worry immediately moving forward to check the children over for any serious injuries, seeing only the scrapes and a bloody nose she sighed, "We're fine mom, the kitten was trapped, is it gonna be okay?" her daughter questioned clearly concerned about it.

Mrs Griffin gently took the kitten and placed it down, wanting to first tend to the girls, she retrieved the first aid kit and told both girls to sit down, tending to Nancy's knees first while telling her daughter to pinch her nose and look down.

Once they were cleaned up Emma Griffin called her husband, explaining to him what had happened, he said he was on his way. "Nancy, why don't I take you home, you can come over tomorrow" Emma said, nodding Nancy retrieved her shoes and coat, then Emma

walked her home.

When Mr Griffin arrived, they all piled into the car, with the kitten bundled up in a pink blanket, and made their way to the vets across town.

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The vets charged two hundred dollars to treat the little kitten, it was a girl. She needed some stitches and a shot before she was taken back home by the Griffins, Mrs Griffin planned to make lost posters incase the kitten was somebodys pet and Lenna pleaded with her parents that if no one came for the kitten, that they could keep it, Mr Griffin agreed as long as Lenna helped look after her.

Time skip - 1974

By the time Lenna was five she was best friends with both Nancy and Barbara, though her and Nancy did drift from Jonathan Byers. The little kitten, who Lenna named Dinah - after the kitten in Alice in wonderland, had grown, she was a large cat now. Dinah was practically attached to Lenna when she was home, she tolerated Emma and Will when Lenna was at school but as soon as she was back Dinah stayed away from everyone else. Emma determined that she must have recognised Lenna as the person that saved her while Will was put out that Dinah wasn't interested in anyone but Lenna.

Both the Wheeler's and the Byers had babies a few months ago, both boys, little Michael Wheeler and Will Byers, while the Griffins were content with Lenna they still yearned for a larger family, they knew that Lenna wanted a younger sibling too.

It was so hard trying to think of what to write for her time growing up, I know what to write when she is grown but I felt that Lenna needed some background.

3. Secrets

I'm incredibly sorry for the long wait, I just lost inspiration for a while and my mental health has taken a hit, however now I'm feeling much better and more like myself. Anyway here is the next chapter.

At age eleven Lenna had found a bird, a baby, on the floor in front of her home, it was brushed up to the side of the road. Lenna had picked it up to bring it to her mom to bury it, but as she held the little bird it gave a small chirp before wriggling in Lenna's hands. It was alive, yet it hadn't been moments ago.

Lenna was shocked, birds didn't just come back alive - no one did. She knew this because when she was seven her aunt, her moms sister had passed away and Lenna not knowing what death was, had asked where her aunt was, thus leading to her knowing that dead things never came back.

Drip, drip, drip, something warm, wet and thick dripped down her face and landed on the pavement. Blood - red, hot, sticky blood. Lenna quickly let the bird down on a bush and rushed inside, hoping to clean away the blood before her parents saw, completely oblivious to another bird falling still right where she found the baby bird.

Her parents, Mr and Mrs Griffin were insanely overprotective of her, even the slightest injury worried them, she remembered when her and Nancy had found the little kitten, how her nose had bled then and how concerned her mother was. Taking the stairs two at a time she sped past her room and into the bathroom. Her red blood contrasting with the clean whiteness of the floor, running a dark towel under the tap she pinched her nose, trying to stem the bleeding, Jonathan had once bumped his nose and Joyce, his mother, had made him pinch his nose and look down to stop the bleeding.

Eventually the bleeding halted, when it did Lenna quickly wiped down her face, removing all traces of the blood that was once there. After her face was clean she set about to cleaning the floor where blood had spilled.

"Lenna, honey are you home?" her mother shouted up from downstairs, "Yeah mom, I just really needed the toilet" she said back as she descended the stairs. "Okay, lunch is ready, come on wash your hands dad'll be home soon" just as her mom finished her sentence the door opening could be heard "How are my two favourite girls" her dad said while coming over to place kisses upon both their heads.

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That night Lenna lay in her bed thinking of both the baby bird and the kitten, how they had both seemed like they were dead, but both tured out to be alive. She knew magic wasn't real but a childish part of her so desperately wanted to believe that she had brought the animals back alive, that she had powers but no one would believe it, they'd call her crazy. So Lenna promised herself that she'd never tell another person what she thought she was capable of, not even Nancy or Barb.

-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-

The radio blipped on as the sun filtered through the partially closed curtains, Led Zeppelin blasted from the radio as Lenna reached out a hand to shove said radio until it stopped making sounds. At the age of seventeen Lenna had grown to an impressive five foot seven, taller than Nancy's five foot four but not quite as tall as Barb's five foot nine, her raven hair curled down to her waist and her evergreen eyes were as bright as ever, a smattering of freckles dotted her nose and cheeks, similar to the ones that dotted Nancy's and Barb's faces.

"Lenna, honey time to get up" her mother said passing her door on her way downstairs, her father would already be at work by now, he was an accountant, quite a good one too if you asked Lenna. She could hear her mother tinkering away downstairs, making a start on breakfast. Sighing tiredly Lenna sat up and contemplated just sitting there, it was November, school had started two months ago and she had turned seventeen, she was one of the oldest in her year.

Not much had happened recently, Nancy had started dating Steve Harrington, a boy in the year above them and a total douchebag, seriously Lenna had no idea what Nancy saw in him, sure he was

good looking but he was a jerk...and he was friends with Tommy H and Carol.

Rolling out of bed Lenna stumbled across her room towards the hall to the bathroom for a quick shower. After freshening up Lenna quickly made her way downstairs eager for breakfast - both her and her fathers favourite meal.

Breakfast was quiet, both her and her mother were not morning people but the coffee they were both guzzling helped immensely. "So, I heard Nancy Wheeler has a boyfriend" her mom inquired, Lenna bit her lip contemplating if her mother would end up telling Nancy's mom - her relationship with Steve wouldn't exactly be approved of. "Um, sorta I don't really know" Lenna replied trying to avoid the question and not betray her friends trust. "Okay honey" her mom said unconvinced, Lenna winced she has never been able to keep anything from her parents, well nothing but her 'powers'.

I honestly feel much better writing again, I do feel that I need to watch stranger things again before writing some more though, this fic wont follow the story fully as I don't really want to force my character into the story, so she'll have her own story line throughout season one.